A-COMPANY

A-KOMPANIE

Sangbundel

Songbook

1983

1984

die oorwinning is ons s'n

ours is the victory

VOORWOORD DEUR A KOMP. BEVELVOERDER

Daar bestaan reeds geruime tyd 'n behoefte aan 'n boekie wat prakties bruikbaar is vir die soldate van A Kompanie. Die Kompanie het homself die afgelope fase bewys en het definitief die potensiaal om nie alleen die beste Kompanie van al die Meg Kompanies te word nie, maar die beste Kompanie wat, 1 SAI nog gehad het.

Hierdie boekie is deel van die sentrale tema van die Kompanie se opleidingsprogram nl om 'n algehele sin vir dringendheid onder lede van A Kompanie te kweek. Slegs wanneer hierdie sin uit geleef word, kan die lede van A Kompanie saamwerk as 'n gemotiveerde sub eenheid van 1 SAI in die algemeen en die SAW in die besonder.

(D H LÖTTER)

BEVELVOERDER A KOMPANIE : KAPTEIN.

VAN : Louis van der Linde (Ds)

AAN : Kapt. Lötter
Bev. A Komp

INSAKE : VOORWOORD VIR SANGBUNDEL

Dit is 'n voorreg om vir A Komp Kapelaan te wees. Daar gaan gepoog word om 'n mooi vertrouensverhouding op te bou. Die Here het ons bymekaar gebring en nou gaan ons SAAM MET HOM die GELOOFSPAD stap. Hy is besig om ons te vorm, te slyp en te weef om in Sy Plan in te pas.

"Wanneer die spinwiel ophou draai en die skietspoel nie meer vleg, sal God sy plan aan ons verraai en verduidelik waarom - en met reg - die donker drade ook daar is. Saam met die goud en silwer weef die Wewer ons lewenspatroon daarmee klaar"

(Anoniem)

Mag hierdie Sangboekie gebruik word om die donker drade weg te sing en ons blydskap en dankbaarheid aan Hom te bring, wat besig is om ons sondaars konings te maak! Mag Hy dan ook die Koning in A Komp wees. Laat Hom toe om hier te regeer en te heers sodat Hy met sy spinwiel ons lewens saam verweef.

(L VAN DER LINDE).

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DIE SOLDAAT SE EREKODE

TER WILLE VAN MY GOD, MY VOLK,
MY LAND, MY MEDEMENSE EN MYSELF
SAL EK MY TE ALLE TYE BEYWER OM.

A. DIE INTEGRITEIT VAN HOËR GESAG TE ERKEN.

B. MY DEUR MY GEWETE TE LAAT LEI BY DIE UITVOERING VAN MY PLIG.

C. MY EIE INTEGRITEIT BO ALLE TWYFELTE STEL.

D. HERKEN EN GEËER TE WORD AS SOLDAAT.

E. GEREED TE WEES OM ONVOORWAARDELIK TE DIEN.

MAG ONS DAN VOORTBESTAAN AS 'N NASIE EN ONS ERFENIS BEWAAR.

THE SOLDIER'S CODE OF HONOUR

FOR MY GOD, MY PEOPLE, MY COUNTRY, MY FELLOW MAN AND MYSELF, I SHALL ENDEAVOUR AT ALL TIMES TO:

A. ACKNOWLEDGE THE INTEGRITY OF HIGHER AUTH.

B. DO MY DUTY CONSCIENTIOUSLY.

C. PLACE MY INTEGRITY ABOVE ALL DOUBT.

D. BE RECOGNISED AND HONOURED AS A SOLDIER.

E. BE READY TO SERVE UNCONDITIONALLY.

MAY WE THEN CONTINUE TO EXIST AS A NATION AND TO KEEP OUR HERITAGE.

HOE OM DOELTREFFEND TERUGVOER TE GEE

1. STEL die STANDAARD vir die betrokke aktiwiteit/ handeling.

2. Dui aan tot watter MATE aan die standaard VOLDOEN is.

3. INDIEN aan die standaard VOLDOEN is, of dit oortref is gee ERKENNING.

4. INDIEN NIE, gee INSTRUKSIE met betrekking tot HOE aan die standaard VOLDOEN kan word. (Handtering van foutiewe gedrag).

5. Spreek VERTROUE uit in die TOEKOMSTIGE voldoening aan die standaard.

6. Gee GOEDKEURING vir enige VERBETERING.

HOW TO GIVE EFFECTIVE FEEDBACK

1. SET the STANDARD for the activity/action concerned.

2. Point out to what EXTENT they have COMPLIED with the standard.

3. IF the standard has been MET, or surpassed, give RECOGNITION.

4. If NOT, give INSTRUCTIONS as to HOW the standard can be MET. (Handling of incorrect behaviour).

5. Express CONFIDENCE in FUTURE compliance with the standard.

6. Show APPROVAL for any IMPROVEMENT.

HOE OM 'N PROBLEEM/GRIEF OORTEDRA AAN 'N MEERDERE

1. (Reël 'n afspraak met jou meerdere).

2. Stel dat jy 'n PROBLEEM het wat ORGANISASIE-DOELWITBEREIKING BENADEEL.

3. Beklemtoon dat sy HULP NOODSAAKLIK is vir suksesvol oplossing.

4. STEL die PROBLEEM kort en duidelik.

5. LUISTER na sy kommentaar en VERSKAF meer informasie wat MOONTLIKE OPLOSSING insluit.

6. HERHAAL die oplossing waarop besluit word VOLGENS die STAPPE van UITVOERING.

7. Indien nodig, VRA WANNEER jy hom WEER moet kom SPR

8. BEDANK hom vir sy tyd en aandag.

HOW TO RELAY A PROBLEM/GRIEVANCE TO A SUPERIOR

1. (Arrange an appointment with your superior).

2. State that you have a PROBLEM which HAMPERS ORGANIS TION GOAL ATTAINMENT.

3. Emphasize that his ASSISTANCE is ESSENTIAL for a successful solution.

4. STATE the PROBLEM clearly and briefly.

5. LISTEN to his commentary and PROVIDE more informat which includes POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS.

6. REPEAT the solution which is decided on ACCORDING the STEPS of EXECUTION.

7. If necessary, ASK WHEN you must SEE him AGAIN.

8. THANK him for his time and attention.

HOE OM 'N OPDRAG TE ONTVANG

LUISTER aandagtig na die OPDRAG en BESONDERHEDE daarvan:

2. TOETS die opdrag aan die ELEMENTE vir uitvoering:

-WIE
-WAT
-WAAR
-WANNEER
-HOE

3. Vra vir MEER BESONDERHEDE van die elemente wat vir jou onduidelik is.

4. HERHAAL die opdrag sodat die persoon kan agterkom dat jy dit verstaan.

5. Verseker dat TERUGRAPPORTERING geskied.

HOW TO RECEIVE AN ASSIGNMENT

1. LISTEN attentively to the ASSIGNMENT and its DETAIL.

2. TEST the assignment against the ELEMENTS of execution:

-WHO
-WHAT
-WHERE
-WHEN
-HOW

3. ASK for MORE DETAIL about the elements which are not clear to you.

4. REPEAT the assignment so that the person can see that you understand it.

5. Ensure that FEEDBACK occurs.

HOE OM OPBOUENDE KRITIEK TE GEE

1. ERKEN die troep se BEREIDWILLIGHEID om handeling korrek uit te voer.

2. WYS foutiewe handeling UIT.

3. DEMONSTREER/BESPREEK korrekte handeling en wys ook VOORDEEL(E).

4. Gee geleentheid vir OEFENING en gee ERKENNING indie KORREKTE handeling voorkom.

   LW: Herhaal proses indien nodig!

HOW TO GIVE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

1. ACKNOWLEDGE the troop's WILLINGNESS to execute an action correctly.

2. POINT OUT incorrect action.

3. DEMONSTRATE/DISCUSS correct action and point out th ADVANTAGE(S).

4. Give opportunity for PRACTISE and give RECOGNITION CORRECT action occurs.

   NB: Repeat process if necessary!

PSALM 23

DIE HERE IS MY HERDER;
NIKS SAL MY ONTBREEK NIE.
HY LAAT MY NEERLÊ
IN GROEN WEIVELDE;
NA WATERS WAAR RUS IS,
LEI HY MY HEEN.
HY VERKWIK MY SIEL;
HY LEI MY IN DIE SPORE VAN GEREGTIGHEID,
OM SY NAAM ONTWIL.
AL GAAN EK OOK IN 'N DAL VAN DOODSKADUWEE,
EK SAL GEEN ONHEIL VREES NIE;
WANT U IS MET MY;
U STOK EN U STAF DIE VERTROOS MY.
U BEREI DIE TAFEL VOOR MY AANGESIG
TEENOOR MY TEËNSTANDERS;
U SMEER MY HOOF VET MET OLIE
MY BEKER LOOP OOR.
NET GOEDHEID EN GUNS SAL MY VOLG
AL DIE DAE VAN MY LEWE;
EN EK SAL IN DIE HUIS VAN DIE HERE BLY
IN LENGTE VAN DAE.

PSALM 23

THE LORD IS MY SHEPERD;
I SHALL NOT WANT.
HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES;
HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.
HE RESTORETH MY SOUL;
HE LEADETH ME IN THE PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
FOR HIS NAME SAKE.
YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE
SHADOW OF DEATH,
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL;
FOR THOU ART WITH ME;
THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME.
THOU PREPAREST A TABLE BEFORE ME IN THE PRESCENCE
OF MINE ENEMIES!
THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD WITH OIL;
MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.
SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME
ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE;
AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOREVER.

DIE STEM VAN SUID-AFRIKA

UIT DIE BLOU VAN ONSE HEMEL,
UIT DIE DIEPTES VAN ONS SEE,
OOR ONS EWIGE GEBERGTES
WAAR DIE KRANSE ANTWOORD GEE,
DEUR ONS VER VERLATE VLAKTES
MET DIE KREUN VAN OSSEWA-RUIS DIE STEM VAN ONS
GELIEFDE,
VAN ONS LAND SUID-AFRIKA.
ONS SAL ANTWOORD OP JOU ROEPSTEM,
ONS SAL OFFER WAT JY VRA:
ONS SAL LEWE, ONS SAL STERWE-
ONS VIR JOU SUID-AFRIKA.

OP U ALMAG VAS VERTROUEND
HET ONS VADERE GEBOU:
SKENK OOK ONS DIE KRAG, O HERE!
OM TE HANDHAAF EN TE HOU-
DAT DIE ERWE VAN ONS VAAD'RE
VIR ONS KINDERS ERWE BLY:
KNEGTE VAN DIE ALLERHOOGSTE,
TEEN DIE HELE WÊRELD VRY.
SOOS ONS VADERE VERTROU HET,
LEER OOK ONS VERTROU, O HEER-
MET ONS LAND EN MET ONS NASIE
SAL DIT WEL WEES, GOD REGEER.

THE CALL OF SOUTH AFRICA

RINGING OUT FROM OUR BLUE HEAVENS,
FROM OUR DEEP SEAS BREAKING ROUND,
OVER EVERLASTING MOUNTAINS
WHERE THE ECHOING CRAGS RESOUND,
FROM OUR PLAINS WHERE CREAKING WAGONS
CUT THEIR TRAILS INTO THE EARTH,
CALLS THE SPIRIT OF OUR COUNTRY,
OF THE LAND THAT GAVE US BIRTH.
AT THY CALL WE SHALL NOT FALTER,
FIRM AND STEADFAST WE SHALL STAND:
AT THY WILL TO LIVE OR PERISH-
O SOUTH AFRICA, DEAR LAND.

IN THE POWER ALMIGHTY TRUSTING
DID OUR FATHERS BUILD OF OLD:
STRENGTHEN THEN, O LORD,
THEIR CHILDREN TO DEFEND,
TO LOVE, TO HOLD
THAT THE HERITAGE THEY GAVE US
FOR OUR CHILDREN YET MAY BE:
BONDSMEN ONLY TO THE HIGHEST,
AND BEFORE THE WHOLE WORLD FREE.
AS OUR FATHERS TRUSTED HUMBLY
TEACH US, LORD, TO TRUST THEE STILL-
GUARD OUR LAND AND GUIDE OUR PEOPLE,
IN THY WAY TO DO THY WILL.

ONSE VADER

ONSE VADER WAT IN DIE HEMEL IS
LAAT U NAAM GEHEILIG WORD
LAAT U KONINKRYK KOM, LAAT U WIL GESKIED
SOOS IN DIE HEMEL, NET SO OOK OP DIE AARDE.
GEE ONS VANDAG ONS DAAGLIKSE BROOD
EN VERGEEF ONS ONS SKULDE
SOOS ONS OOK ONS SKULDENAARS VERGEWE,
EN LEI ONS NIE IN VERSOEKING NIE,
MAAR VERLOS ONS VAN DIE BOSE,
WANT AAN U BEHOORT DIE KONINKRYK
EN DIE KRAG EN DIE HEERLIKHEID
TOT IN EWIGHEID, AMEN.

OUR FATHER

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BE THY NAME.
THY KINGDOM COME,
THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD
AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES
AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US,
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,
BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL,
FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
THE POWER AND THE GLORY,
FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.

S.A. LEËRMARS

Vasberade is ons leuse, slaggereed die S.A. Leër,
Vasberade is ons keuse vir Suid-Afrika se eer,
Vir geen vyand deins ons ooit terug,
Die doel behaal bly altyd nog ons aller eerste plig,
Vir ons land, ons vlag, ons reg en leër
Staan slag gereed die trostse S.A. Leër.
Vasberade is ons leuse, slaggereed die S.A. Leër.

S.A. ARMY MARCH

Battle ready is our slogan, resolute and firm we stand,
Battle ready is our token, battle ready for our land,
Never waver, never shall retreat, to win shall be our foremost aim whatever foe we meet.
Whosoever dares to test our might,
The S.A. Army shall be there to fight.
Battle ready is our slogan, battle ready for our land.

DIE LIED VAN JONG SUID-AFRIKA

En hoor jy die magtige dreuning?
Oor die veld kom dit wyd gesweef.
Die lied van 'n volk se ontwaking
Wat harte laat sidder en beef;
Van Kaapland tot bo in die Noorde,
Rys dawerend luid die akkoorde:
Dit is die LIED van Jong Suid-Afrika,

Die klop van ons ossewawiele
Het die eeue se rus verstoor,
Die klank van ons voorlaaierskote
Het klowe en kranse gehoor.
Die diere het stil staan en luister,
Die bome het bewend gefluister
Dit is die KOMS van Jong Suid-Afrika,

Waar glorie van songloed die berge
Oor hul fonsende voorhoof streel
Waar winde oor golwende vlaktes
Met grassaad kerjakker en speel,
Die land wat ons vaders gekoop het,
Met bloed tot ons eie gedoop het
Dit is die LAND van Jong Suid-Afrika,

Die golwende veld is ons woning,
En ons dak is die hemelblou,
Die Vryheid alleen is ons koning,
Sy wagwoord is: "Handhaaf en Bou".
Die stryd wat ons vaders begin het,
Sal woed tot ons sterf of gewin het.
Dit is die Eed van Jong Suid-Afrika.

DIE LIED VAN DIE GEMEGANISEERDE INFANTERIE

In storm of sneeu of die bakkende son,
In gloeiende dae of yskoue nag
Vol stof is ons gesigte,
Tog hoog is onse gees ja gees
Dit stuur onse ratels na vore onbevrees.

Met ratels, soldate, 'n toonbeeld van krag
Hou ons al die eer van die weermag - inpag.
Vir land en volk en vaderland,
Vir ons die ratel meg, Ja meg.
En vir ons eer sal ons altyd bly veg.

KISS ME GOODNIGHT SERGEANT MAJOR

Kiss me goodnight, Sergeant-Major
Tuck me in a little wooden bed,
We all love you, Sergeant-Major
When we hear you bowling "Show-a-leg"
Don't forget to wake me in the morning
And bring me up a nice hot cup of tea
Kiss me Goodnight, Sergeant-Major,
Sergeant-Major be a Mother to me.

MONTE ZUMA

From the shores of Cape Agulhas
To each Northern bushveld tree
We will fight our countries battles
In the air on land and sea
We will fight for right and freedom
We will keep our Honour free
We are proud to claim the title
Of the Mechanized Infantry.

ORANJE - BLANJE - BLOU

Die Hoogland is ons woning,
Die land van son en veld,
Waar woeste vryheid winde waai,
Oor graf van meen geheld.

Die ruimtes het ons siel gevoed,
Ons kan g'n slawe wees.
Want Vryer as die arende vlug,
Die vlugte van ons gees.

Koor: Dis die tyd die dis dag
Om te handaaf en te bou
Hoog die hart hoog die vlag
Die Oranje-Blanje-Blou:
Ons gaan saam die donker toekoms in
Om as een te sneuwel of oorwin,
Met ons oog gerig op Jou
Ons Oranje-blanje-Blou.

Die ruwwe bergereekse
Staan hoog teen awendlug,
Soos gryse ewig-hede wat
Versteen is in hul vlug.

En stewig soos die grou graniet
Ons boere trots en trou,
Die fondement waarop ons hier
'n Nuwe nasie bou.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles
In your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While youv'e a lueifer
To light your fag
Smile boy's that's the style.

What's the use of worrying
It, never was worth while so,
Pack up your troubles
In your old kit back
And smile, smile, smile.

TIPPERARY

It's a long long way to Tipperary,
It's a long long way to go,
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know,
Goodbye Picadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my hearts right there.

VLAGLIED

Nooit hoef jou kinders wat trou is te vra:
Wat bete ken jou vlag dan Suid-Afrika?
Ons weet hy's die seël
Van ons vryheid en reg
Vir naaste en vreemde,
Vir oorman en Kneg,
Die pand van ons erf nis,
Geslag op geslag,
Om te hou vir ons kinders
Se Kinders wat wag,
Ons Nasie se grond bried van eiendoms land,
Uitgegee op gesag van die hoogste se hand.
Oor ons hoof sal ons hys,
In ons hart sal ons dra,
Die vlag van ons eie Suid-Afrika.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel,
We'll have a barrel of fun,
Roll out the barrel,
We've got the terrs on the run,
Zing, Boom, tararet!
Ring out a song of good cheer,
Now's the time to roll the barrel,
For the gang's all here.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my Sunshine,
My only Sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my Sunshine away.
The other night, dear,
As I lay sleeping,
I dreamt that you were by my side,
Came disillusion as I awake, dear,
You were gone and then I cried.
You are my Sunshine (etc.)

AS DIE SOLDATE

As die soldate deur die stad·marsjeur
Open die meisies hul vensters en deure
Ag, waarom? Ja, daarom!
Ag, waarom? Ja, daarom!
Bloot net vir pompalara, pompalara ja
Bloot net vir pompalara, pompalara ja
Hou links, hou regs, kom nader
Want mooi is die meisies
Van so sestien-sewentien jaar.

Ook nie ouer, ook nie jonger;
Net so agtien jaar.
Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie
Jollie Jahaha, Jollie Jahaha
Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie Jollie
Ook nie ouer, ook nie jonger,
Net so agtien jaar.

THE LONGEST DAY

Many men come here as soldiers,
Many men will pass this way,
Many men will count the hours,
As they live the longest day.

Many men are tired and weary,
Many men are hereto stay,
Many men wont see the sunset,
When it ends the longest day.

The longest day, the longest day,
This will be the longest day.
Filled with hopes
And filled with fears,
Filled with blood
And sweat and tears
Many men - The mighty thousands,
Many men - To victory
Marching on - right into battle
In the longest day in history.

ERIKA

Op die heide blom 'n mooie blommetjie
En haar naam Erika
Is slegs myne, ja 'n duisend kere meer,
Harte vier Erika.
Want haar hart is vol van soetigheid.
Deur 'n onontluikte blommekleed,
Op die heide blom 'n mooie blommetjie
En haar naam Erika.
In my kamertjie blom ook 'n blommetjie
En haar naam Erika.
Al met môre dou, so ook met awend grou,
Sien sy my, Erika.
En dan is dit asof sy wil sê,
Dink jy ook aan my liewe bruid?
In jou tuiste ween oor jou 'n meisie skoon-
En haar naam, Erika.

(Twee keer).

SCOTTISH SOLDIER

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier,
Who wondered far away, and soldiered far away.
There was non bolder with good broad shoulder
He'd fought in many a fray and fought and won.
He's seen the glory, he's told the story.
Of battles glorious and deed victorius.
But now he's sighing, His heart is crying.
To leave those green hill's of Tirol.

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier,
Will wonder far no more and soldier far no more.
And on a hillside, a scottish hillside,
You'll see a piper play. This soldier home.
He's seen the glory, he's told the story.
Of battles glorious and deeds victorious.
But he will cease now. He is at peace now.
Far from those green hills of Tirol.

SARIE MARAIS

My Sarie Marais is so ver van my af,
Ek hoop om haar weer te sien,
Sy het in die wyk van die Mooi Rivier gewo
Nog lank voor die oorlog het begin.

O bring my terug na die ou Transvaal,
Daar waar my Sarie woon.
Daar onder in die mielies,
By die groen doringboom,
Daar woon my Sarie Marais.

Ek was so bang,
Dat die M.P's my sou vang,
En detensie to sou stuur,
Toe vlug ek na die kant
Van die Upingtonse strand,
Daarbo by die Groot Rivier.

LE OF CAPRI

was on the Isle of Capri that I found her
neath the shade of an old Walnut tree
I can still see the flowers blooming round her
ere we met on the Isle of Capri.

mertime was nearly over
ue Italian skies above
said: "Lady, I'm a rover,
n you spare a sweet word of Love?"

e whispered softly: "It's best not to linger"
t then as I kissed her hand, I could see
e were a plane golden ring on her finger,
was goodbye on the Isle of Capri.

e was as sweet as a rose at the dawning
t somehow fate had not meant her for me
I sailed with the tide in the morning
ill, my heart's on the Isle of Capri.

TREKLIED

Die sweep het geklap en die wawiele draai
al agter die rooi-span aan
ons hart is swaar, die skeiding is daar
van die plaas waar ons tuiste staan.

Met Jou aan my sy, O liefste van my,
dan vrees ek geen gevaar
die wildernis in om die vryheid te win
daar word ons drome waar.

Refrein:

Trek oor die vlakte en trek oor die rand
stadig nou briek aandraai
hotagter! Haar agter vat nou die wa!
geluk lê net om die draai.

KOOR:

Uitspan vanaand, uitspan vanaand,
ontspan op Mooifontein!
hotagter haaragter, vat nou die wa
geluk lê net om die draai

COTTON FIELDS

When I was a little pretty baby
My mamma would rock me in the cradle
In them old cotton fields back home
When I became a little bit older
My daddy used to carry me on his shoulder
In them old cotton fields back home

It was down in Louisiana
Just about a mile from the Texarkana
In them old cotton fields back home
I was down in Arkansas
When the people asked me "What you come
here for?"
In them old cotton fields back home
Oh! When them cotton balls get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back home
It may sound a little bit funny
But she didn't make very much money
In them old cotton fields back home.

DANKIE

Dankie vir hierdie skone môre
Dankie dat ek my lof kan sing
Dankie dat ek ook al my sorge
Na u troon kan bring.

Dankie vir al my goeie vriende
Dankie dat ek vir u kan leef
Dankie dat ek my grootste vyand
Deur u woord vergeef.

Dankie vir elke kinder laggie
Dankie vir elke sonnestraal
Dankie dat ek my weg terugvind
Waar ek ookal dwaal.

Dankie u liefde ken geen perke
Dankie dit is my anker heer
Dankie dat ek my dank kan uitsing
En u hulde bring.

(Herhaal vers 2 en 4)

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea -
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh bring back my Binnie to me.

CHORUS:

Bring back, Oh bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, Oh bring back
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean, oh blow
Ye winds over the sea, Oh, blow ye winds
Over the ocean, and bring back my
Bonnie to me.

Last night,as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

MY NOOINTJIE IN DIE MOERBEIBOOM

My noointjie lief in die moerbeiboom
hoor Jy my minnelied,
van liefde vuuren van lente droom
van vreugde en verdriet?
Kom af, my nooi, ek verlang na Jou,
soos blomme smag na die môre dou,
My noointjie lief in die moerbeiboom,
hoor jy my minnelied? X2

My noointjie lief in die moerbeiboom
hoor Jy my lied so bly?
o, waarom dan tog so skaam en skroon,
of terg Jy maar vir my?
Daar's lag en lewe in sonneskyn,
kom af, my nooi, eer daglig kwyn,
My noointjie lief in die moerbeiboom
hoor Jy my lied so bly? X2

My noointjie het in die moerbeiboom
my minne lied gehoor,
van liefde vuur en van lengte droom,
dit het haar hart bekoor.
Ek sien daar bo,
waar die blare roer,
twee agies laggend deur lower laer
my noointjie het in die moerbeiboom
my minne lied gehoor.

CAMPTON RACES

De Camptown ladies sing dis song!
Doodah! Doodah!
De camptown race track five miles long,
Doodah! Doodah! Day!
I come down dah, wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! Doodah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Doodah! Doodah'. day!
Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

De long-tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doodah! Doodah'.
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
Doodah! Doodan'.
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole,
Doodah' Doodah'.
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole.
Doodah'. Doodåh'. Day!
Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day.
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag.
Somebody bet on de bay.

DIE SON VERRYS

Die son verrys met helder glans, hoera, hoera, hoera,
gebaai in goud is kruin en krans, hoera, hoera, hoera
O maters, kom gaan stap met my, die kosbaar uurtjies
gaan verby.

Die blomme is nog nat met dou, hoera, hoera, hoera,
geen wolk bedek die lug so blou, hoera, hoera, hoera,
O maters, kom stap met my oor groene velde wyd en vry

Daar's laafnis in ons sonneskyn, hoera, hoera, hoera,
daar's balsem in ons lug so rein, hoera, hoera, hoera
o maters, kom gaan stap met my, ons harte opgeruimed

Ver oor die velde klink al om hoera, hoera, hoera,
uit volle bors alwaar om kom, hoera, hoera, hoera,
o maters, kom gaan stap met my oor berg en dal van o
rei!

REFRAIN:

Ons stap nou, ons stap nou, ons stap nou met hoera!
Hoera, hoera, hoera-la-la-la-la!
Hoera, hoera, hoera-la-la-la-la!
Ons stap nou, ons stap nou, ons stap nou met hoera!

QUARTER-MASTER STORES

There were rats! rats!
As big as bloody cats
In the store, in the store
There were rats! rats!
As big as bloody cats
In the Quarter-Master Stores.

CHORUS:

My eyes are dim I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me.

There was gravy, gravy
Enough to float the navy
In the store, In the store,
There was gravy, gravy
Enough to float the navy
In the Quarter-Master Stores.

There were ants, ants
As big as bloody tanks
In the store, in the store
There were ants, ants
As big as bloody tanks
In the Quarter-Master Stores.

There was cheese, cheese
Wafting in the breeze
In the store, in the store
There was cheese, cheese
Wafting in the breeze
In the Quarter-Master Stores.

WANDELLIED

As ek moeg word vir die lewe in die stad,
lok my na die wandel pad;
in die veld pluk en wandel staf
van die naaste doring boompie af
en sing my wandellied X2

Of ek luister na my eie voete val
op pad oor berg en dal
dans ek weer die eensaam wandelaar
na die lekker land streek wie weet waar,
'n swerwer lewens lank X2

En die blou plafon wat oor die velde strek
sal saans my sluimer dek
en die sterre heer sal kom en gaan
oor die maan verligte hemel baan,
en vriendlik wink van ver X2

O DIE SOLDATELEWE.

O die Soldatelewe
dis die lewe vir my
o dis veld, drill en singery
mens kan niks beters kry

Soldate holdri-a-di-di-ha) X3
holdri-a kom veg)

Soldaat lewe altyd bo.

TAVERN IN TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town
and there my true love sits her down, sits her down
and drinks her wine midst laughter free
and never, never thinks of me.

She left me for a male dark, male dark
each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark
and now my love once true to me
takes that dark male on her knee.

O dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
and on my breast carve a turtle dove,
to signify I died of love.

CHORUS:

Far thea well for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
Must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, my friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee.

STAP IN DIE HELDER MORE

Stap in die helder more,
stap in die vroeë dag,
dan voel ek vry van sorge,
Dan wil ek sing en lag!
Weg van gewoel van mense,
Ver na die stille veld,
heerlik is al my vreugde,
dit wil my lied vermeld.

Stap wanneer skem en koelte,
Sag oor die aarde daal,
rustig in elke uurtjie,
hieruit word krag gehaal.
Weg van gewoel van mense,
ver na die stille beld,
heerlik is al my vreugde,
dit wil my lied vermeld

DAISY

Daisy Daisy, give me your answer, do,
I,m half crazy - all for the love of you,
It wont be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage,
but you'll look sweet upon a seat
of a bicycle made for two.

Daisy Daisy the cops are after you
If they catch you
they'll give you a month or two
they'll tie you up with wire
inside the black Maria.
So ring your bell
and peddle like hell
on your bicycle built for two.

PIET BEDIEN

Sy naam is Piet Bedien
hy staan hy staan in die kantien
en hy ruik nes rook en paraffien
ja sy naam ek sê sy naam
is Piet Bedien.

En hy is ja hy is verlief op Anna
so sag is haar lippies en haar hande
Maar die mense hulle sê dis da'em 'n skande
hoe lol die manne daar met ou Piet en Anna.

En sy dans sy dans sy dans
as die gramophone so draai
hulle raak benoud hulle raak weer koud
as sy haar boude so lekker swaai.

As die wind die haan so draai op die kerk še tori
dan saans is sy drome net vol dorîngs
hy wens sy was sy queen en hy haar koning
ag die liefde steek nes 'n bok se horing.

En hy dans hy dans hy dans
as die gramophone so draai
hy is op sy kop lief vir sy dop
môre loop hy weer sê maar dan goodby.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Around her leg she wearsa silken garter,
she wears a silken garter in the merry month
of May
and if you ask, why the hellshe wears it,
she wears it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

Far away, not far enough
far away, not far enough
oh! she wears it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

Behind the door, her mother keeps a
broomstick
she keeps in the springtime in the
merry month of May
and if you ask her why the hell she
keeps it she keeps it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

Far away not far enough
far away, not far enough
oh! she keeps it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

And in the room her father keeps a
shotgun
he keeps it in the springtime in the
merry month of May
and if, you ask, why the hell he
keeps it, he keeps it for a soldier
who is far far away.

Far away, not far enough
far away, not far enough
oh! he keeps it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

(Continued) The merry month of May .../

And in the park she wheels a prambulator
she wheels it in the springtime
in the merry month of May
and if, you ask why the hell she
wheels it, she wheels it for a soldier
who is far, far away.

Far away, not far enough,
Far away, not far enough,
Oh! she wheels for a soldier
who is far, far away.

The soldier went to join his unit,
he went to join his unit in the merry
month of May
and if you ask him why the hell he
joined them,
he joined them to very,far far away.

Far away, not far enough
Far away, not far enough
Oh! He joined them to very far
far away.

And in her hand she holds a bunch of daisys
she holds it in the springtime, in the Merry
months of May
And if, you ask, why the hell she holds
them, she holds them for a soldier
who is six feet down.

WE ARE IN THE MEG INFANTRY

We dont love to march
like the infantry
ride like the cavalry
suffer like the SSB
we dont have to fly over Italy
We are the 1 SAI Infantry (X2).

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

There's a bright golden haze
on the meadow (X2),
The corn is a high
as an elephants eye
and it looks like it's climbing
clear up to the cky.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a beautiful morning,
Oh, what a beautiful day,
I've got a beautiful feeling -
Everythings going my way.

All the sounds of the earth
are like music (X2),
the breeze is so busy
it don't miss a tree
and an old weeping willow
is laughing at me.

KOM NOU KÊRELS

Kom nou kêrels, laat ons sing
skuif die stewels nou op sy!
al die bitter Jermiades
al die skandes en skades
van die marstyd is verby X2

Wie wil nou nog biltong word
in sy stowwerige hoek
skouers krom, en rug geboë
wange bleek en rooi rand oë
vroom disipels van die boek X2

Vaar dan wel, ou grys gebou,
met jou mure kul en koud
kaal geskedelde lektore,
horing droë professore,
so veel dooie stompe hout X2

Soek jy waarheid in die boek,
lees dit waar die blomme bloos,
op die blyheid en die vryheid,
volg die wysheid en die grysheid,
soos die winter roes die roos X2

Soek Jy kuns en wetenskap,
leer dit nou voor jy vergeet,
neem 'n noointjie na die tuintjie
sluit haar mondjie met 'n soentjie
sonder dat haar ma dit weet X2

Jonkheid is die hoogste deug,
drink die warme lewens wyn,
soos die voeltjies in die velde,
soos die blomme ongemelde
vreugde vind in sonneskyn. X2

IT AINT GONNA RAIN NO MORE

A peanut sitting on a railway track
its heart was in a flutter
round the bend came the orange express
toot-toot, peanut butter.

CHORUS:

It aint going to rain no more, no-more
It aint going to rain no more
so how the heck can I wash my neck
if the soaps in the house next door.

Mary had a little lamb
its fleece was white as now,
a ram het daardie lam gevang
en kyk hoe lyk hy nou.

Mary had a little lamb
she fed it castor oil
and every where that Mary went,
it fertalised the soil.

Mary had a cast-iron cow
she bought it for a tenner
and every time she wanted milk
she had to use a spanner.

Mary had a little sheep
and with the sheep she went to sleep
the sheep turned out to be a ram
Mary had a little lamb

AAN MY VADERLAND

Ek het jou gegewe met hart en met hand
die liefde van my lewe my dierbaar vaderland
die liefde van my lewe my dierbaar vaderland.

Ek het jou my lewe met vreugde verpand
Jou heil is al my strewe my heerlik vaderland

Ek vra geen beloning geen geld, eer of stand
Suid-Afrika my woning, my liewe vaderland.

Die heil wil'k verwerwe as guns uit Gods hand
te lewe en te sterwe vir jou my vaderland.

BONSOIR MADEMOISELLE

Gather round the piano boys,
and raise your glasseshigh,
It's time to bid the girls of paris
one last long goodbye.

CHORUS:

Bonsoir Mam'selle, au revoir Mam'selle
its time for the parting au revoir mam'selle
we loved not too wisely, but, oh, we loved well.
Bonsoir, au revoir, au revoir Mademoiselle.

Heres to the summer and heres to the seine
Heres to the reason that wont come again
who knows where we're going but oh,
where we've been.
Bonsoir, au revoir, au revoir, Mademoiselle.

Heres to the waiters in Evpry Cafe,
and here's to the girls
on the champs Elysees
I'll never forget though I'm sailing away,
Bonsoir, au revoir, au revoir Mademoiselle.

OM DIE KAMPVUUR

Kom, daar staan die hout alklaar
pale, stompe, groot en swaar
vorm nou wyd die makker kring
laat ons nie mekaar verding
steek maar aan, steek maar aan
dat die vlamme hoog op slaan
steek maar aan, steek maar aan
dat die vlamme hoog op slaan.

En die vuur se milde gloed
gee die bangste penkop moed
hoor sy voordrag knap gedaan
pragtig vir 'n Bobbejaan
bogom, bogom, bogom sê die bobejaan
bogom, bogom, bogom sê die bobejaan

Die wat wil kan raaisels raai,
die wat wil kan tiekie draai,
tot die leeus in 'n koor
ook hul leeus groet laat hoor
au-uu-rr, au-uu-rr
au-uu-rr brul die leeue koor
au-uu-rr, au-uu-rr
au-uu-rr, brul die leeue koor

Swart wit pens en kommandant,
veld kornet en Olifant
almal het ons saam geniet
wat ons lekker kampvuur bied
au-uu-rr, bogom
mag so 'n aand weer gou-gou kom.
au-uu-rr, bogom
mag so 'n aand weer gou-gou kom.

THEY SAY THAT IN THE ARMY

Oh gee, I'm sick and tired of army life,
gee but I wanna go back to the Place I know
Gee but I wanna go home.

They say that in the army the food is most divine
you ask for eggs and bacon they give you porcupine.

CHORUS:

They say that in the army the girls are most divine
you ask for Sophia Loren they give you Frankenstein.

They say that in the army the chicken is most divine, one fell of the table and started marking time.

They say that in the army the bread is most divine,
a piece fell from the table and killed a friend of mine.

They say that in the army the pay is most divine,
they give you fifty dollars and take back forty nine.

Chorus after each verse.

DONKERBRUIN FONKELENDE OË

Donkerbruin fonklend haar laggende oë
vrolike onskuld haar grootste genoeë
haar handjies sag en so lieflik fyn,
haartjies blond, met hartjie se rein.

Skyn in die lengte die maandeur die bome,
loopieder poortjie verliefd langs die strome
dis handjies hou en die soentjies soet
d'lengte lewe bruis deur die bloed.

O die betowring van skoon lente maande,
lieflike uurtjies op sterre lig aande,
sag fluistrend sweer ek haar ewig trou
maar sodra ek handjie wil hou.

KOOR:

Skertsend loer sy na my,
vrolik sing sy en bly van ditjies
en datjies en wie weet watjies

Trala-die, tra-la-da,) X2
Tra-la-die, tra-la-la-la)
Tra-la-di-ra.

O DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE

O! dear what can the matter be,
Dear dear what can the matter be
O dear what can the matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair?
He promis'd to buy me a fearing shoud please me
And then for a kiss
O he vow'd he would tease me
Ribbons to tie up my bonnie brown hair.

O! dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
O! dear what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair?
He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies
A garland of lillies, a garland of roses
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

'N LIEFDESLIEDJIE

Jy, jy, is my klein hartedief
jou, jou, het ek so lief
jy, jy, laat my so treurig voel,
weet tog hoe goed ek bedoel,
ja, ja, ja, ja weet tog hoe goed ek bedoel

Jy, jy, kan soms so tergsiek wees
ja, so wankel van sin,
jy, jy kan soms vererg ook wees
weet tog dat ek jou bemin
ja, ja, ja, ja weet tog dat ek jou bemin.

En, en is ek daar ver alleen,
dan, dan dink ek aan Jou
hoe, hoe trek Jy my dan hierheen,
tot ek dit langer nie hou,
ja, ja, ja, ja, tot ek dit langer nie hou.

RATEL SOLDIER

The ratel soldier came over the hill
came through the valley shady
he whistled and he sang
till the greenwood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.

Ha-di-du, ha-di-du-da-di-day
Ha-di-du, ha-di-day
he whistled and he sang
till the gren wood rang
and he won the heart of a lady.

She left her fathers castle gates
she left her unfond lover
left her servants and her states
to follow the ratel soldier.

He is no coward, my father, she said,
but lord of these lands all over
and I will stay till my dying day
with my whistling ratel soldier.

ONS DAPPER HELDE

Ons is dapper helde vol oorwinnings kra
volg steeds die spore van die vyands ma
om hul te vernietig waar hul mag vernag
ons is glad nie bang nie
steeds vol helde moed.

KOOR:

Voorwarts is die roepstem
en ons volg dit na
ons sal veg vir Jou Suid-Afrika.

Ons is wakker manne wat die grens bewa
en 'n troue bede maak ons harte sterk
ons is onverskrokke vol van helde moed
ja betaal self met ons bloed.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
and grace my fears relieved
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's Praise
than when we first begun.

GETROUE GOD

Ek loof u naan, o skepper God
u wat oor al's regeer
vir u genade, ryk en vry
in Jesus ook vir my.

Ek loof u Jesus, Seun van God
vir u versoeningsdood
waardeur u ook vir my bevry
van sondeskuld en dood.

O gees van vader en van seun
wat my heilig maak
vul ook in my u volheid gee
verheerlik God in my.

AMEN.

BISCUITS EN BILTONG

Die aarde is groot die sterre is klein
daar's net akkedisse in die woestyn
bokke en dorings en die bitter aalwyn
ja ek ken die ooskus but it's not the same.

Discuits en biltong
ja ek is 'n weskusklong
ja ek is 'n weskusklong.

Gee my 'n sweep en gee my 'n stok
gee my 'n vrou in 'n bont rooi rok
gee my die oopveld waar die bokke wei
daar tussen die klippe sal jy my kry.

Bokkoms in die wind die kreef is in die net
suiker in die koffie koeksisters in die vet
brood is in die as vleis is aan die braai
daar's net een plek en dis my plekkie daai.

Daar's min waterstrome daar's 'n paar kokerbome
daar's net wind en sand en diamantdrome
telefoonpale en doringdrade
daar's 'n koue bou hemel met geen genade.

Gee vir my boegoe en kanniedoodblade
gee vir my soetwyn dis mos bloed in my are
gee my velskoene en 'n hoed op my hare
wys my 'n landpad weg van die skare.

Biscuits en biltong
ja ek is 'n weskusklong
ja ek is 'n weskusklong.

DRINKING SONG (STUDENT PRINCE)

Drink, drink, drink
to eyes that are bright as the stars
when they're shining on me
drink, drink, drink
to lips that are red and sweet
as the fruit on the tree
here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine
lovingly longingly soon into mine
may those lips that are red and sweet
tonight with joy my own lips meet.

CHORUS:

Drink, drink, let the toast start
may young hearts never part
drink, drink, drink,
let ev'ry true lover salute his sweet-heart
let's drink.

Drink, drink, drink
to arms that are white and warm
as a rose in the sun
drink drink drink
to hearts that will love one
only when I am the one
here's a hope that those soft arms will twine
tenderly, trustingly soon around mine
may she give me a priceless boon
here love beneath the sweet May moon.

MOOISTE LAND

Ons land is die mooiste
ons berge en ons seë
die land hier in die Suide
is ons Gegee.

KOOR:

Met hoeral-le-la-le-la-le-la-le-la-la
die land hier in die Suide
is ons Gegee.
(Repeat verse)

DIE ALABAMA

Daar kom die Alabama
die Alabama kom oor die see
daar kom die Alabama
die Alabama kom oor die see
Noi, noi, die riet-kooi, noi,
die riet kooi is gemaak
die reit kooi is vir my gemaak
om daar op te slaap. X2

Die Alabama, Die Alabama,
Die Alabama kom oor die see.

ROYAL HOTEL

sit die manne in die Royal Hotel
ons mos vir almal ek is almal se pel
ster ou vriend daar agter die bar
iyk dit met nog so 'n doppie daar.

hulle vir Duppie sy bynaam is Dop
het vir die springbokke boelgeskop
ten bierblik kan hy maklik platdruk
n rat een hou teen sy groot voorkop.

stel ek voor my ou vriend Fanie
's niks ter wêreld wat Fanie pla nie
groet hom in die straat, sê "Hoe gaan 'it ou maat?"
Fanie "Moe kannie kla nie".

hier sit die sporader Sersant De Kock
drink sy whiskey so on the rocks
laat krokommer ons noem hom op sy nommer
double-o double-o seven De Kock.

sit die manne
sit die manne
sit die manne
sit die manne
sit die manne, in die Royal Hotel
ons mos vir almal ek is almal se pel
ou vriend daar agter die bar
dit nog so 'n doppie daar.

die laaste kom Karel Bester
'n hemsknoop en 'n khakiebroek
gebore hare kort om sy ore
lief om te lag en hy's lief om te vloek.

die till sit 'n man so stil
hare in sy oë
die baas van 'n bankrot-plaas
in die Klein Karoo.

Die Royal Hotel /...

Maar dis lekker dis lekker dis tog te lekker hier
Musiek op die draadloos skuim op my bier
luister ou vriend daar agter die bar
hoe lyk dit met nog so 'n doppie daar.

Hier sit die manne
Hier sit die manne
Hier sit die manne
Hier sit dit manne in die Royal Hotel.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer
drink it down, drink it down X2
here's to good old beer
it fills you full of cheer
here's to good old beer
drink it down, drink it down.

Rolling home, rolling home,
by the light of the silvery moon
happy as the day
when the Sergeant gets his pay,
rolling , rolling, rolling
rolling home, rolling home.

OH SUSANNA

I came from Alabama
wid a banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisianna
my true love for to see
it rained all night the day I left
the weather it was dry
the suns so hot I froze to death
Susanna don't you cry.

CHORUS:

Oh, Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me
I've come from Alabama wid a banjo on my knee

I jumped aboard de telegraph
and travelled down the river
the 'lectric fluid magnified
and killed five hundred nigger.
The bullgine bust, the hose ran off-
I really thought 'd die.
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna don't you cry.

I soon will be in new orleans
and den I'll look around
and when I find Susanna
I'll fall upon the ground
But if I do not find her then
This darkie'll surely die
And when I'm dead and buried
Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

DIE GOEIE KAMARAAD

Ons was goeie Kamarade
nerens kan jy beter kry
kanonne bulder, skare knal,
die vaderland word aangeval,
nou veg ons sy aan sy.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Gaudeamus igitur, invenes dum Sumus X2
post Jucundam Juventutem,
post Molestam senectutem
nos habe bit humus X2

ONS STAP EN STAP

Ons stap en stap en stap
en stap en stap
die oorlog deur
die berge oor, die klowe deur
die velde voor
die waterstroom en doringboom
daar leef ons voort vir oorwinning.

NO PLEASE SERGEANT

Ag, please Sergeant, wont you take us
on a ratel,
all six seven of us, eight, nine, ten
we know you wanna break us down
but there's no rubber guts around
reptiles, half-wits or sick-rapports.

Assegrills, stringy meat,
bitter-sand blistered feet,
thirst pas, press-ups, till throats
are dry,
Ag, Sergeant how we miss,
civvy life and lekker rus
lovely dolls, getting whissed
and having a braai.

Ag, Please Sergeant won't you take
us out to de brug
we want to see if we can get our
ratels out that far
we know you think it's lots of fun
but it's damn hot riding in the sun,
eating vas, sweating blood, and
running on tar.

TJOEPSTIL

You call me a rock spider
you call me a Gé
you like to mock
the things that I say
don't ever come out to Parow Vallei
cause if I should catch you
alone one day
then you'll keep tjoepstil.

I've got sideburns
down my cheeks
haven't had my haircut
for almost two weeks
call me a crunchie
and I'll take you outside
I'll show you just how
the crunch is applied
then you'll keep tjoepstil.

I'm a staff Sergeant
in the S.A.P.
you and the press
point your fingers at me
but when the black man crawls
through you window at night
you call for me quickly
cause then I'm alright
and you'll keep tjoepstil.

You and your friends
in your faded blue jeans
you think you know
what everything means
you've got the big mouths
you've got the degrees
but when the trouble starts to fly
then you run overseas
and you'll keep tjoepstil.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory what a helleva way to go
Glory, glory what a helleva way to go
Glory, glory, what a helleva way to go
his soul is marching on.

The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down (X3)
On the grave of old John Brown.
Glory, glory, etc. etc. etc.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord (X3)
His soul is marching on
Glory, glory, etc. etc. etc.

John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back (X3)
His sould is marching on
Glory, Glory, etc. etc. etc.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way (X3)
and they'll go marching on
Glory, Glory, etc. etc. etc.

KOM ONS GAAN KYK

Koms ons gaan kyk
hoe lyk ons land se grens
en weet, ja weet
daar is net een land soos Suid-Afrika
ken jy al die mense
al die werke, dode in die leër
weet jy watter God jy kan glo

Want kom gevaar weer eendag oor
ons land
ons weet, ons weet
in die veld sal ons veg
vir ons Vaderland. Suid-Afrika
ons neem te saam 'n eed voor Jou
ons Vaderland aan jou alleen bly ons
getrou.

KOM SING NOU

Kom sing nou manne almal saam
'n lekker aanmars lied
en mars te saam oor berg en dal
tot ver op ou De-Brug
walderie, waldera, walderie
waldera-la-la-la-la-la
walderie, waldera
tot ver op ou De-Brug

BLESS 'EM ALL

There's a troopship just leaving Bombay,
bound for the old blighty shore -
heavily laden with men all a-sailin'
theyre bound for the land they adore.
There's a soldier just finishing his time
there's many a twirp signing on.
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
so cheer up my lads,
bless 'em all.

CHORUS:

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
the long and the short and the tall
bless all the sergeants and WO1's
bless all the corp'rals and their blinking sons,
cause we're saying goodbye to them all
as back to their billets they crawl
you'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
so cheer up, my lads
bless 'em all.

DIE VONKE SKIET EN SPRING

Die vonke skiet en spring
ons werk nou aan die aanval plan

Ek pak die vyand aan,
ek pak die vyand aan,
so gou, so gou
so gou word vyand uitgewis
en verf die droeë grond rooi
en verf die droeë grond rooi

HEERLIK IS DIE SOLDAATLEWE

Heerlik is die soldatelewe
waarlik ja vry te lewe, oh ja, hoog te strewe
waarlik ja, oh ja
heerlik as die tente staan
ver op De Brug opgeslaan
waarlik waarlik waarlik
waarlik waarlik ja.

THE LOBSTER SONG

Dear Mr Fisherman,
what have you got for tea?
I've got two lobsters
twice as big as me.

CHORUS:

Singing roll tidely ole
hit or bust
never let your ding dongs
dangle in the dust

I took the lobsters home,
and I couldn't find a dish
so I put them in the bowl
where the missus keeps the fish.

In the middle of the night
the clock struck three
the missus got out of bed
to have a cup of tea.

First she gave a groan,
then she gave a grunt,
there was a lobster,
hanging from her rump.

I got a brush
the missus got a broom
and we chased the lobster
all around the room.

Now the moral of the story,
is very plain to see,
always have a quicky
before you have a tea.

This is the end.

DIE RATEL LIED

Het jy al gehoor van die I G V,
die I G V van 1 S.A.I.
sy wiele is so groot hy moer
oor elke sloot
van die Kaap tot in Messina.

Ratel, Ratel, Ratel - dit is sy naam.
sy wiele is so groot hy moer
oor elke sloot.
van die Kaap tot in Messina.

OPS GEBIED LIEDJIE

En vanaand gaan die volkies koring sny
koring sny. X2

Die land is jou land,
die land is my land
van Ruakana tot by Ondangwa
van Umalantu tot by Rundu
die land's gemaak vir jou en my.

My hartewense aan al die mense
op hierdie plekkie my suiker bekkie
ek kry 'n lyfie op die partytjie
die land's gemaak vir jou en my.

ALOUETTE

Alouette gentille Allouette
Alouette je te plumerai.
Je te plumarai le bec
Allamastag, hou jou bek
Et la bec (X2)
Alouette (X2).

A - a - a - a

Alouette, gentille Allouette
Et le nex
Et le do
Et les jambes

BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
somewhere the songbirds dwell,
hush then they sad replying:
God lives and all is well.

CHORUS:

Somewhere, somewhere,
beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
land of the true where we live anew,
beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
close by an open gate,
somewhere the clouds are rifted,
somewhere the Angels wait.